Sometimes We Love the People Who Hurt Us

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Sometimes We Love the People Who Hurt Us

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Summary

An AU in which Will meets Hannibal on a trip to Australia in search of the "Lycan Ripper" and the "Copycat Killer", not knowing that the person he's after is sitting beside him on the flight, and later invited, unsuspecting to the killer's apartment.

Australian characters are mostly made up.

Hope you all enjoy the first story I've been willing to put up on here.

Apéritif

The tapping of footsteps pulled me out of my reverie as I raised my head, eyes scanning the room with a small frown at the small group of people standing across the room around the metal table. And the corpse that lay on that same table.

It had been two weeks since I had been approached and asked to help the FBI, joining the team as a special agent. Temporary badge for a mentally unstable man. At least I was now willing to handle a gun, which had got me kicked out as a homicide detective. Two weeks of many unusual murders. As a result, we were now on the lookout for what tattlecrimes.com had nicknamed “The Lycan Ripper”.

What a coincidence that the human killer we were after was being investigated by Lycans themselves, one of the top werewolf packs, made up of part of the city's FBI. Being socially inadequate at being in packs, even preferring the company of dogs over my own kind and humans, resulted in me being labeled "the runt". With an empathy disorder to boot, which made me able to experience what a killer felt and thought whilst they committed their crime. Resulting in my fame on tattlecrimes.com with Lara Chorostecki’s article ‘It takes one to know one’.

Glancing to the doorway as Jack Crawford moved inside, I watched the other Lycan’s immediately dip their heads in a sign of respect to the pack’s Alpha. Jack soon moved towards them to discuss what had happened with our most recent victim. It was the same killer; silver had been placed over the eyes and it was presumed the killer had attacked his victim with a silver knife as well, though we couldn’t be completely sure since the victim was human, safe from the effects silver had on actual werewolves.

Soon, I watched as Jack made his way around the table and over to my current position, the Alpha inside him narrowing his eyes when I didn’t dip my head. Advantages of being an outsider: I wasn’t always willing to display submission, at least not at first. Adjusting my glasses, I stayed leaning again the wall, though my head soon dipped down slightly, gaze averted in a minor show of acknowledgement of the Alpha’s presence, despite not being in his pack. Not in any of the city’s pack to be exact. It was dangerous not to be, as most Lycans would consider rogues as a threat or as free game if they were an omega, like me.

But I guess being a runt helped in its own way, keeping me safe most of the times. People viewed me as an unsuitable mate, and I was usually ignored. Which suited me just fine. I was happy to just be with my little family of stray dogs.

Jack paused to watch me for a couple of seconds, jaw clenching before one hand had raised to scratch at his chin as he spoke. “It seems like the killer, or another copycat, has shown up in Sydney, Australia. I don’t have anyone else to spare, except Campbell…and you. I’ve bought the tickets for the flight in two hours time, with permits for you both to carry your gun, though they have asked that they remain in a bag, which you can take on board with you if you wish or put it in with your luggage....Of course if you’re available to go?”

A small sigh escaped my lips as I watched him with a quirk of my brow, head soon tilting to one side in a questioning manner. “Can I say no even if I’m available?”

He grinned slightly, revealing the small gap between his two front teeth. “No.” Just as I expected him to say.

Biting on my lip with a small pause of thought, I contemplated whether he would accept a ‘no thanks’, but eventually I gave a small nod after a moment. “Okay....On one exception..”

The Alpha gave a small nod, his expression showing a slight flash of curiosity as he waited for me to proceed with my request before looking to me in confusion at my words.

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Despite my hesitation to go on the flight, especially with such a short notice, I soon found myself saying a goodbye to Winston and then watched as he was loaded onto the aircraft into the pet section of the hold. Jack had grudgingly bought the pet ticket to allow him on as well and promised to feed the rest of my dogs that had to stay behind, though I suspected that he'd delegate it to another member of his pack.

Moving away from where the pets and luggage were resting before they were loaded onto the plane, I moved up the stairs and inside, glancing around before I had moved to the row of seats with the matching number to the ticket, choosing the middle seat. Agent Campbell let out a low huffing sound as he followed after me, pausing to put his bag in the compartment before he stepped over my legs to sit by the window, looking outside once he had made himself comfortable. After a couple of minutes of silence, which I didn’t mind, he soon turned to me, mouth opening to say something before he had fallen silent as another person stopped by our seats, glancing to us before sitting down in the empty one beside me.

“My apologies, I hope I haven’t interrupted anything...” The male spoke as he put his bag down by his feet instead of in the compartments above the seats. My eyes wandered over the neat, professional like clothing to sharp cheekbones, skipping over his eyes to neatly combed hair. But my senses soon picked up on an ancient wood scent radiating from him, barely muffling a groan as I ducked my head.

Just great.

Less than a week away from my heat and I was stuck between two Alphas in an enclosed area; one a complete stranger and the other a youngling to the pack trying to prove his rank and position. Which included either hostility towards me, non-discreetly checking me out or acting as if he owned me.

Which he was doing now as his lips curled over to reveal the commonly sharper canines all werewolves had in their human forms, a low growl rumbling from his throat as he watched

the newcomer. Rolling my eyes at him, I raised a hand to massage my temples before standing and trying to open the compartment to grab my suppressants. “Calm down puppy.”

I could hear Campbell huffing out a breath behind me, my fingers finally finding the bottle just as I heard him growl again before headbutting my hip. Moving to close the compartment, I quickly sat back down before glaring at him briefly, despite the small blush his gesture had caused. “Cut. It. Out.”

Quickly dropping my gaze, I muttered a small apology to the other male before shaking out a couple of tablets onto my hand and dry swallowing them, the bottle soon slipping into my pocket.

As the plane started to take off, I shifted slightly in my seat before relaxing back against it as I finally let my eyes drift shut. The past few days had been more tiring than I thought they would be, with not much time to rest throughout the day, so I was quick to fall asleep.

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The brush of a hand against my neck was the first thing I felt, and the light, barely detectable sounds of sniffing were the first thing I heard as I started to wake with a small, sleepy groan. Brows soon pulling together in a slight frown, I turned my head away from the contact and the source of the noise, not wanting to wake up just yet. But I soon jerked up in my seat with a barely contained shout when the hand had withdrawn to be replaced by the caress of a nose and then lips.

Opening my eyes, I quickly turned my head to watch Campbell warily before giving him a shove to back off. Before he could have another attempt or speak to me, I had moved to my feet, stepping over the legs of the stranger beside me and made my way to the toilet, splashing water on my face.

Once I was finished in the small room, I stepped out before stepping back when I accidentally walked straight into someone. Quickly apologising, I kept my head ducked down as I moved around them, pausing again as I felt a hand on my arm. Thinking Campbell had followed after me, I let out an annoyed sigh before turning to him, quickly stopping my words when I found the neatly dressed passenger in front of me. “My apologies for scaring you. I noticed what your companion was doing, and I’m sorry he was being that rude to you.”

Biting my lip, I gave a small shrug before my eyes drifted down to his collar as I raised a hand to scratch at the back of my neck. “It’s alright...And thanks, we haven’t known each other for long so I guess he’s just being curious...” Not that I believed my own words.

The blonde-haired man watched me, his head tilting in a curious manner before he shrugged, glancing back towards our seats before he realised my hand and then held it up to me. “He’s acting more possessive than curious. I’m Hannibal Lecter, it’s nice to meet you...?”

Looking briefly to his eyes, I dropped my gaze to his collar again before nodding slightly, raising a hand to shake his. “Will. Will Graham. It’s, uh, nice to meet you too.”

Hannibal nodded slightly with a gentle smile, tilting his head once again as he seemed to notice my gaze dropping to his collar again. “Not fond of eye contact, are you?”

Shrugging slightly, I glanced around before releasing his hand, biting my lip as I moved around him to return to my seat. “Eyes are too distracting. You see too much. You don’t see enough.”

Amuse-Bouche

Stretching, I soon rose to my feet with a small yawn as the hostess announced we could leave. The rest of the flight had been okay, Agent Campbell had, thankfully, chosen to sleep and leave me alone. Biting on my lip as I finished yawning, I glanced over to Hannibal as he too stood up and retrieved his bag before joining the lineup of people heading for the exits.

We finally got outside after some time spent shuffling a couple of centimeters every now and then, raising a hand to shield my eyes from the sunlight as Campbell slipped his sunglasses on. Hearing barking as I moved down the stairs, I looked towards the source of the noise where the staff were already unloading the bags and the pets, seeing Winston's cage and ignoring Campbell's words as I moved over to the baggage carrying truck. Crouching once I found Winston's cage, I smiled softly and stuck my fingers through the mesh to give his shoulder a little rub. "Hey there bud. Just a little longer and you can get out and stretch your legs.."

Feeling a presence behind me, a soft sigh escaped me before raising my head to who I initially thought to be one of those unloading the aircraft, blinking against the sun in my face. But the smell of ancient wood soon met my nose, changing my idea as I recognised the Alpha scent just as the person moved to block the sun for me. "Thanks…"

"Is this your dog?" Hannibal tilted his head curiously at me before his gaze moved past me to Winston, hands resting lightly behind him as he smiled slightly. I looked to him, meeting his gaze briefly as I nodded, my eyes soon dropping to his collar once again.

Giving Winston one last rub of the shoulder, I soon rose to my feet, glancing around with a small sigh before my gaze returned once again to Hannibal, and then his collar. "Yeah, his name's Winston."

Hannibal gave a small nod in response, glancing to the dog before we had been interrupted by one of the staff, pausing by my side. "Pardon me sirs, but if you could wait to retrieve your bags and your pets until you're in the main building, that would be greatly appreciated. May you please put your bags back on the trolley?"

Biting at my lip slightly, I shook my head and stepped back as the Beta moved forward to take my bag. "I took this on the plane with me.."

The staff person watched me with a small pause of thought before he had nodded and waved us away from the rest of the luggage. Biting back another yawn, I looked back to Hannibal before heading back to rejoin Campbell where he was waiting impatiently. Pausing as I heard Hannibal clear his throat before a hand wrapped around my wrist, I soon turned to look to him with a curious tilt of my head. As he raised his other hand, I frowned before looking down to see a small card resting in his palm. Picking it up, i glanced down to it curiously before flipping it over to see a phone number scribbled on it. "I was hoping you might like to join me tomorrow. I was due to have a meeting with someone but despite the reservations already being made, he has chosen to..cancel at the last minute. Of course, you don't have to

be put on the spot and answer straight away, please just give me a call if you'd be interested in joining. It was very nice to meet you, Will."

Nodding slightly, I held his gaze for a brief couple of seconds with a small smile as I slipped the card into the pocket of my shirt. "Sounds nice, uh, I'll have a think about it...It was nice to meet you too Hannibal.."

Pausing as I felt someone else press close against my back, I frowned a little before turning, taking a step away from the person at the same time and brushing against Hannibal, a small groan escaping me as I saw Campbell glaring at my new companion. "Is something the matter, William?" Eyeing Hannibal, he raised a hand to rest it on my shoulder before I remembered Hannibal's hand on my wrist as Campbell's eyes dropped down to where he still held it, lips curling up into a growl. "Let him go."

Hannibal raised a brow at him before he turned to look to me curiously as he eventually let go, his fingers trailing lightly over my wrist before his hand dropped down to his side. "You should let him go as well. Didn't your mother teach you not to go about forcing yourself on others?"

Campbell huffed out a small breath, grinning at him before guiding me around towards the main building of the airport with a gentle pressure applied to my shoulders before he lowered it. "See you then."

Looking over my shoulder with a small frown, my gaze met with Hannibal's before dipping my head in farewell, soon turning to follow Campbell into the building, one hand moving to ensure the card was still in my pocket.

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Glancing up at the hotel with a curious tilt of my head, I bit at my lip slightly before letting Campbell inside first, whistling to Winston to get him to come back before I soon followed after him. The lady at the desk soon finished what she was doing on the computer before looking up at us with a friendly smile. "Good evening, gentlemen."

Moving to lean slightly on the desk, I smiled slightly in return as I glanced to her, my eyes soon dropping to her shoulder as I scratched my chin lightly. "Um, two rooms pl---"

"No, sorry. We'll have one room with two bedrooms. Unfortunately, we don't have the money to afford two rooms.." Frowning, I turned to look to Campbell in confusion but chose not to say anything as the person nodded, typing something into the computer before grabbing a set of keys and passing them over to Campbell. "You're on the second level, hope you both enjoy your stay."

Campbell gave a small nod of thanks, smiling cheerily at her before he had turned and moved to the elevator, pressing the button. Whistling again to Winston from where he was sniffing a

fake plant, then clapping my leg to grab his attention before he bounded over to me, tongue lolling from one side of his mouth. The lady at the desk watched with narrowed eyes, lips pursed as if she was about to protest against the dog's presence but stayed silent as we moved into the elevator, the doors shutting between us.

As they opened again to the second floor, I had managed to get a collar on Winston and attach a leash to it, knowing I wouldn't be allowed to let Winston around unleashed all the time, though his whining at the unfamiliarity of the collar had gone straight to my heart. Campbell ledthe way to the room, having stayed uncharacteristically quiet during the short elevator trip, his expression seeming calculating.

Moving inside our room, I finally unclipped the leash and let Winston free, chuckling as I watched the dog instantly bolt off to explore the apartment. Wandering around, I soon found one of the bedrooms and placed my bag down on the foot of the bed. Raising my head, I moved back to the doorway before backing off when Campbell appeared at the same time, grabbing my arm to steady me as I wobbled briefly, off balance.

Soon moving back until he let me go, I glanced to Winston as he pushed past the other male with a small huff and I gave his head a ruffle, looking up as Campbell queried. "I noticed a Chinese restaurant next door if you want to go there or I could pick some food up for us. Unless you'd prefer something else?"

Shaking my head, my hand raised to rub at my forehead, frowning against the headache ringing in my head as I paused in thought. I wasn't exactly fond of going to places known for large crowds and little space, yet it would seem rude to have my companion, annoying as he was, fetch the meal by himself. "Um...I'll come with you to pick up takeaway? And I'm fine with Chinese.."

Campbell gave a small nod before quickly moving forward to pat my shoulder with a smile. "Don't worry doll, I'll be fine getting it on my own. What do you want? And I'm paying."

Frowning slightly at the pat, I glanced to his hand before taking a step back, barely managing to keep my footing as I forgot about Winston standing behind me. "Uh, Singapore noodles thank you…"

He watched me with a small frown of his own when I stepped back before he nodded and backed out into the hallway, turning and heading to the door. "Singapore noodles it is."

Potage

Dinner had been eaten in silence, chucking the empty cartons into the bin once we were done and then I had soon retreated to my room despite Campbell's attempts to get me to stay at the table with him. Walking into my room, I let out a small chuckle as I found Winston napping in the dog bed I'd placed beside my own, bringing a small smile to my face before I had moved to finish off the rest of my unpacking.

Once finished, I had moved to get changed then grabbed the handgun out of my bag and put it in the drawer beside the bed, placing the bag into the wardrobe once it was empty and then yawning softly as I stretched. A yelp soon fled from my lips as I felt a hard shove to my back, sending me tumbling forward against the bed.

Just as I had been starting to roll over onto my back to face my attacker, I soon felt their weight on top of me, forcing me back onto my stomach as hands pinned my wrists to the bed with gentle, but tight pressure. A warm breath stirred the hair behind my ear and my senses quickly picking up on the familiar scent just as I heard Campbell speak. "Hey there, darling."

Shifting on the bed, I arched up against Campbell to try and push him off of me, groaning softly as he merely tightened his grip on my wrists and his hips rolled down against me. Leaning forward to press my face into the mattress to try and lessen the effect the scent of the Alpha was having on my instincts, I took a small breath before turning my head to one side and looking up at him with a low growl. "Get off of me. Now."

He chuckled after a small pause, watching me with a playful smirk and a glint in his eyes as he moved to holds both of my wrists with one hand whilst his other hand moved to trace gently along my arm, over my shoulder and then back up to caress my neck. Tensing slightly as I felt his lips press to the side of my neck, I quickly twisted around, trying to free my arms whilst he watched my attempts with a grin. "Feisty, aren't we? Wouldn't have expected that from someone who always preferred solitude.."

I remained still with my jaw clenched, pausing for a couple of moments before trying again to get free as he leaned in to nuzzle my neck, his lips moving against my skin. But I soon yelped as he suddenly picked me up and carried me, thrashing, to his bedroom, closing the door behind him. Placing me down, I managed to squirm onto my stomach and move a couple of centimeters away before he had quickly fallen on top of me, pinning me down. "You don't seem similar to the pack's Omegas. Always made me more curious about you…"

The rest of his sentence was cut off as he let out a pained yelp after I finally freed an arm and swiftly elbowed him in the face, trying to get away when he pulled away, I aimed to get to the other side of the bed before hopping off. But I soon heard a growl behind me and a hand soon grabbed my ankle before I could get too far, the Alpha pulling me back towards him. I rolled onto my back, ready to attack if I had to, but he had already fallen on top of me, effectively pinning me down. "Do that again and I won't be so gentle.."

Shaking my head in protest, I raised my hands to his shoulders and gave him a shove, but he barely flinched as he leaned forward to lick a stripe along my neck, pausing exactly where a mating bite would be placed. Thankfully though, he moved away from that spot before I felt his hands on my pants, slipping under the waistband before he started to slip them down despite my protests and repeated shoves. “Thinking you could just go wandering around the pack without gaining any attention? I’ve been watching you for sometime, even before I officially joined the pack..”

Turning my head away, I huffed out a breath of annoyance as I gave his shoulders yet another shove. Soon changing tactics as I felt him starting to take my boxers off, my hands moved away from shoving him to grab the waistband and keep them on. “No.”

He quirked a brow at me, his head jerking back to dodge a punch before he had quickly flipped me onto my stomach. Hearing the zip of his jeans, I tried one more time to move away but I had soon felt a hand wrap around the back of my neck and push my face into the mattress, not too much as to cut off my breathing luckily as he finished tugging his pants down, pressing back up against me.

Thrashing around, my leg made contact with his knee but he ignored it, hands finding the waistband of my boxers and pulling them down before chucking them on the floor with my pants. “I was quite glad when Jack told me you would be accompanying me. Knew I’d finally have my chance with you.”

Shaking my head, I bit at my lip and tried to get away again but his hand was still on my neck, preventing me from escaping. I could hear him spitting before emitting a low purring noise as he slowly pressed his tip into my, making me wince as he slowly eased forward before a couple of sharp thrusts had him fully seated in me.

Closing my eyes against the pain, I attempted to raise my head against his hand before grabbing at his wrist with a small yelp as he tightened his grip. Grimacing as he used the grip on my neck to pull me up slightly and force my back into an arch, I fought to hold back the tears, determined not to give him the pleasure of seeing me cry. I could hear him letting out soft huffs every now and then as his hips rocked rapidly against mine, one hand lowering to grip my hip.

Biting harshly at my lip, I went limp as I buried my face into the mattress, wishing for him to finish as soon as possible. After some time, he let out a soft grunt, teeth nipping lightly at the back of my neck as he thrusted harshly into me, hips soon pressing against mine and I felt him release inside me. Burying my face in the crook of my elbow, I finally let out a whimper as his knot inflated, tugging at the edges of my hole as I tried to move away, but he quickly thrusted forward, locking us together.

He was panting as he lowered his chest to rest atop my back, lips pressing a kiss to my neck with which I instantly flinched away from. A small growl was issued from him but I elbowed his ribs, biting at my lip before sighing in relief as his knot finally deflated and he pulled out.

Looking over my shoulder to glare at him, I gave him another shove before managing to get free and quickly crawled onto the other side of the bed. As I stood up and glanced over to him to ensure he hadn’t followed after me, I noticed him grinning lazily as he watched me

grab my pants and boxers, quickly slipping them on before rushing out of his room and into my own, biting back a whimper as I closed the door. Leaning back against it, I tried to shrug off the satisfaction that was radiating off of him as he called out. “If that’s what you feel like out of heat, I can’t wait till you’re actually in heat..”

Biting at my lip as he spoke, I quickly moved to grab my phone and then looked at it, dumbfounded. All my contacts were overseas and my only other choice was to call the police, and no way was I going to cause more trouble with Jack over it. He’d likely believe the words of a pack member over an outsider, despite being colleagues.

But, as I was thinking of booking a flight back and leaving Campbell to deal with the case by himself, I remembered the card I had been given at the airport. Ignoring Winston as he bumped against my legs with a whine, I quickly sorted through the wardrobe to find the shirt, grabbing the card from the chest pocket and quickly dialing the number, pressing the phone to my ear as I waited for him to pick up.

Just as I was thinking he might be busy and that the only call I could do without much trouble would go to voicemail, a voice took the place of the beeping. “Hello, this is Dr Lecter. Who am I speaking to?”

Barely waiting for him to finish talking, I returned to the door, sitting down and leaning against it to prevent Campbell from having any chance to get inside should he try. “I-it’s Will….uh, Will Graham..I-I’m sorry to interrupt your evening but~”

Campbell soon knocked on my door as I fell silent, trying the door handle before he had shouted and kicked the door, the vibration running along my back. “Come on, Will. Open the door and let me in!”

Barely managing to stay calm, I tightened my grip on the phone whilst Winston growled, hackles raised. With the commotion, I could barely hear Hannibal as he responded. “Where are you Will? Is everything okay?”

Despite Hannibal not being in the room to see the movement, I shook my head as a small sob escaped me when Campbell kicked the door again, letting out a growl before I soon heard him moving away. “T-the Quest hotel...please, I-I don’t think he’s going to let me leave the apartment…”

Shifting my weight as I pressed back against the door more, I could hear rustling on the other end of the phone before a door was opened and a car beep. “I will be there soon. Pack your bags.” And then he hung up.

Oeuf

After quickly packing my stuff back into the bag, I had put a jacket and my shoes on before I spent the next twenty minutes trapped inside my room; Campbell returning more and more often to try and open the door, yelling at me each time to let him in. I stayed silent each time, trying to calm Winston down until he eventually started to ignore Campbell as well.

Eventually, I raised my head as I heard a knock on the door, Campbell muttering under his breath as he gave the door one final kick and then moved to the apartment door, opening it. “Didn’t call for any room servi~...Hey!”

Sitting up with a small yawn, I heard Campbell continue to yell at the intruder to get out before I heard Hannibal’s voice responding in a calm manner. “Quiet down. I have half the mind to hurt you for hurting Will. Where is he?”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about, I haven’t done anything to him. Not that it’s any of your business if I have. Now get out.” Campbell growled at him before I had heard the screech of a table as someone stumbled.

Yet, Hannibal still sounded calm despite the other Alpha’s aggression as I heard his voice growing louder as he moved towards the two bedrooms. “Yes you have. Will didn’t need to tell me what you did, but I already can hazard a guess, which included hearing you banging and shoulder at the door. Do not give me the extra nudge to report you to the police.” Soon, a soft knock sounded on my door. “Will?”

Biting my lip, I got to my feet and grabbed my bag, slipping the handle of Winston’s leash around my wrist as I opened the door cautiously, peeking out. Hannibal stood alone on the other side, smiling gently at me as he raised an arm to wrap around my shoulders, guiding me to the apartment door, only to have our path blocked by Campbell. Flinching away from him, I pressed closer to Hannibal’s side as the two Alpha’s watched each other in silence for a couple of seconds, Winston growling before Hannibal had raised his free hand, phone in hand to show the emergency number on the screen and ready to call.

Campbell moved his gaze to the phone with narrowed eyes, an angry huff escaping him before he eventually backed away. Hannibal smiled before soon giving me a gentle nudge towards the door, stepping out of the apartment as I heard Campbell growl behind us. “I’m not finished with you yet, Graham..”

Hannibal quickly closed the door behind us, leading me through the hallway and down to the first level. But, instead of leading me outside as I had been expecting, he grabbed a pair of hotel keys from his pocket and moved to one of the rooms, opening the door before letting me inside first. “It’s too late to go to my apartment, and I don’t have a room that can easily be readied for you, so I checked in for the night.”

Quickly moving inside, I gave a shaky nod before Hannibal closed the door and guided me over to the couch, getting me to sit down. He crouched in front of me, hand pressing briefly to my forehead before he watched Winston wander around once I let the leash go, though the

dog didn't stray into the other rooms. Gently taking the bag from me, he disappeared into a room, presumably a bedroom, to place it down before he soon returned to once again crouch in front of me, holding my hand and giving it a squeeze to grab my attention. "Will? Are you hurt?"

Blinking as I met his gaze unsteadily, I swallowed before shaking my head slightly, watching him curiously as he moved to his feet and into the kitchen. Winston soon moved back to my side, flopping his head onto my leg with a whine as he looked to me. I was still patting him when Hannibal had returned, holding a cup which he offered to me. "Unfortunately, I don't have any ingredients to make my own tea, but hopefully the hotel's stuff won't be too bad. Drink and then rest Will."

Looking up to him, I hesitated before nodding as I raised my hand to take the cup from him, sipping from it as I let out a small sigh. But I soon tensed as I felt hands on my shoulder, looking up at him before relaxing as he started to massage my shoulders, speaking softly. "It's alright Will. You're safe now."

Eventually, with the aid of the tea and the massages, my head had soon lolled back against the couch, eyes slipping closed as I slowly drifted off to sleep.

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Waking up the next morning had been disorientating at first, blinking against the sunlight peeking in through the open window. Raising a hand to shield my eyes from the bright light, I soon sat up once the memories of the previous night returned, moving to my feet in panic before frowning as I realised I had been in bed. As I remembered Hannibal showing up and then moving hotel rooms, I soon grew confused as to how I'd gotten to the bed before moving to the door. It wasn't until I saw my reflection in the mirror at the back of the door that I realised I had been undressed, left only in my boxers, as I soon found the clothes I'd been wearing last night neatly folded at the foot of the bed.

Quickly getting dressed, I moved out into the lounge room before finding the apartment empty with a small frown. Seeing a container on the living room table, I moved forward to pick the note up from where it rested on top of the lid, reading the neat cursive handwriting.

Will,

I'm sorry again for what happened last night. I do hope that things get better for you and that your day goes well. I also hope you enjoy the meal. Should you ever feel in danger again, which I hope you won't, don't hesitate to call me again.

The keys are by the hotel phone, and I extended the booking for a week.

As well as the lunch meeting if you are willing to join me, I would also like to extend an invitation to my house for dinner tonight. My address is on the back should you wish to attend, though I apologise for not asking in person. I had some things turn up with which I needed to attend.

Kinds regards, Dr Hannibal Lecter.

Surprised by the offer, I flipped the paper over to find both the address as promised and the restaurant for lunch, smiling slightly in thought as I soon placed it down. Sitting on the couch, I soon opened the lid of the container to find some sort of rice dish, my stomach growling at the smell as I picked the fork up and started to eat, groaning softly at the flavour.

Once I finished, I quickly washed and dried the dishes, putting them aside to return to Hannibal later. Yawning, I stretched before pausing as I noticed a couple of texts on my phone, choosing to reply to Jack's but ignoring those sent from Campbell. Knowing I was running a little late for the meeting, I grabbed a quick shower and got changed, soon placing my bag on the bed and searching it for my suppressants before I paused, the bag falling back onto the bed as my eyes widened in panic.

My suppressants were missing.

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By the time I had rushed around the hotel room and through my bag again for the suppressants, I was definitely late for the meeting and I still hadn't found them. Not willing to go upstairs and check in Campbell's hotel room in case he was still there, an annoyed sigh escaped my lips before I grabbed the keys and my phone, soon heading outside to grab a cab.

Heading into the FBI headquarters, I made my way over to the desk and gave the person there my name, waiting for a couple of minutes before I was quickly led to the room where the meeting was being held. Apologising as I walked inside, I eyed Agent Campbell before moving to the furthest available chair I could find, jaw set as I sat down. The detective standing up at the front of the room looked over to him, dipping his head in acknowledgement to my apology before smiling. "Welcome Special Agent Graham. I'm James Rogers, head of this investigation. We were just going over the known facts from the deaths back where you and Agent Campbell came from, which he's provided. If you'd like to add anything else you know about the Lycan RIpper, feel free to step forward."

Giving a small nod, I scratched at my jaw with a small pause of thought before I looked to the notes written down by the person beside me. Once I knew what hadn't been said, I glanced up before moving to the front of room, scratching at my wrist. By the time I had

reached the front and turned around to face the others in the room, I could tell that the Sydney's FBI team was also a werewolf pack, so I wouldn't have to worry about hiding any certain facts. "Sure...From the murders we've seen, the killer has had no personal motive. It appears that the victims were perhaps chosen at random, or happen to be in the wrong place at the wrong time. Each victim has been left with items that are hazardous to werewolves; silver coins over the eyes, silver rings, silver chains around the neck, sometimes injections of silver into the bloodstream and we believe all were killed with a silver blade.." Pausing as I coughed slightly, I glanced around at the people sitting at the table in front of me, biting my lip. "So far, all victims were human, though the species of the killer himself has yet to be clarified with no evidence to ascertain this...until a couple of days ago. Another victim showed up before we came here, and residual flakes of skin were found on one of the coins, as if a werewolf had touched it. Unfortunately, there weren't enough for a DNA test, but this killing was also different in another way. There was more rage behind the killing...and this time, it was personal. The victim knew her killer, had trusted him enough to let him into the room and turn her back on him. A couple of organs had been removed as well, including the uterus, but with the blood tests from the victim, the doctors were able to identify that...she had been pregnant.."

Coquilles

We had spent the morning going over the cases and those that had happened in Australia just before Campbell had returned to Virginia after helping them out on other cases. Eventually, not having realised the lapse of time, James soon called for a break for lunch, asking that we all return in about two hours.

Excusing myself from the room as I saw Campbell trying to weave his way over to me, I went outside and flagged down a taxi back to the hotel, telling the cab driver to hurry when I saw Campbell heading outside and looking around, relaxing back in my seat as I watched the city pass by. Even though we were in what seemed the less busy part of Sydney, I was still uneasy, wishing I was back in the open spaces of Wolf Trap and with the rest of my dogs. Sighing once we reached the hotel, I quickly paid before hopping out and moving inside to my room. Glancing to my watch to check the time, I closed the door behind me before chuckling as Winston came running over to me, headbutting my leg before he let out a soft bark, tail wagging crazily. Giving him a scratch behind the ears in greeting, I soon made my way over my way to the kitchen, refilling his water bowl before grabbing the bag of dog food and filling up his bowl.

Winston barked again before he had moved to drink from the water bowl after I had refilled that as well, tail still wagging as I rubbed his back before glancing around with a small sigh. Moving to my room, I chose to change after a moment of indecision, unsure of how fancy the restaurant would be. Though I hadn't brought anything fancy with me on the trip; nor did I own anything more than a suit that was a bit too worn, I eventually got dressed into the nicest clothes I had before heading for the door, saying goodbye to Winston as I left.

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Looking around as I got out from the taxi, I knew straight away that even in my best dress I had brought on the trip, I was still under dressed. I had made no attempt to control my hair, as curly as it was when it was closed to raining. Soon moving inside, I glanced around with a small pause before eventually walking over to where people were waiting to be led to a table.

After a couple of minutes of waiting, a waiter came over to me before raising a brow as he examined my clothes, though he showed no other reaction as he queried. "Do you have a reservation sir?"

Biting my lip, I gave a small nod before glancing around the restaurant, scratching my arm. "Yeah, um...someone else made the reservation...I was meeting Mr Lecter here.."

He watched me with a small frown before glancing down to a list of names he held, tracing the tip of a pen down the page. "Name?" I gave it and he looked through the list again before lowering it, shaking his head as he looked to me. "There is a Hannibal Lecter with a

reservation, but his companion's name isn't Will Graham. I'm sorry, you'll have to make a reservation. Our next available table should be in thirty minutes perhaps.."

Shaking my head with a small bite of my lip, I watched him as he clicked his pen before continuing to list other times when tables should be free before I spoke up. "Mr Lecter said his companion had canceled on him at the last minute, so he opened the offer to me…"

He sighed, tucking his book and pen into his pocket as he raised his head to look to me, eyes narrowed slightly. "I'm sorry, but your name isn't in the reservation. Either you reserve a table for later or you leave sir."

Huffing out a breath, I soon turned and headed back to the door with a low sigh, hand falling on the handle just as I heard someone call out my name. Turning around with a small frown, I saw Hannibal moving past the waiter and to my side, brows pulling together into a frown of his own. "I'm glad you came Will. Is something wrong?"

"I wasn't allowed to get there since my name wasn't in the reservation…" Watching as Hannibal glanced over his shoulder to the waiter, who was ignoring us to serve a couple, I scratched at the back of my neck before pausing as Hannibal turned back to me with an apologetic smile before he spoke. "I'm sorry about that. I should have changed the names, though I wasn't sure whether you would accept my invitation or not, but I'm glad you have despite the confusion.."

Giving a small nod with a light smile, I soon felt Hannibal's arm fall around my shoulders before guiding me to the table, walking past the waiter with a small glare from Hannibal. The waiter sniffed as we passed before calling out after us after a small pause. "We would prefer that if Omegas are close to their heats, you are to sit in the back room to avoid disturbing other diners."

Ducking my head, I quickened my pace before my cheeks reddened as I noticed Hannibal lean closer and heard him inhale. He looked to me with a small frown of curiousity as he paused by the table, tilting his head slightly. "Here we are...Is everything okay Will? Your preheat scent is much stronger than a day ago, which is a bit unusual.."

Moving to sit down at the table, I gave a small shrug, still blushing as I looked over to him as he then sat down across from me, still watching me.. "My suppressants went missing…"

Hannibal gave a small nod at my words, moving to unfold his napkin as he paused in thought and placed it down on his lap, still frowning as he looked up as a waitress appeared, grabbing our drink orders before passing us a lunch menu each. Flicking through it nervously, I bit my lip with a small pause of indecision before looking back to him as he spoke, biting my lip. "I'm sorry to hear about that. Has your companion taken them before you left last night?"

Placing the menu down after picking a meal, I shrugged and let a small sigh escape my lips as I ran a hand through my hair. "I'm not sure. I've been avoiding him all morning, but they're definitely not anywhere in my room...I need to thank you Hannibal, for last night..I'm sorry for intruding on your evening and I hope I didn't interrupt anything, but I'm very grateful..and thanks also for the breakfast. That was amazing.."

He looked to me with a gentle smile, pausing again as the waitress returned with our drinks, placing them down before Hannibal had waited for her to leave before speaking, raising one hand and wrapping his fingers loosely around the stem of his glass. “You don’t need to apologise, Will. you didn’t interrupt anything...important, but even if you had, I would have definitely come to your aid. And I’m glad you enjoyed the meal.”

Smiling, I soon grabbed my glass and took a small sip from the whiskey, watching as Hannibal proceeded to do the same after pausing to seemingly savour the smell. Oddly, I was becoming more and more relaxed around the Alpha, despite having only met him yesterday. Perhaps things would have turned out so much differently if he had been on another flight, but I’m glad that wasn’t the case. Yet, the wolf inside me was uneasy around him, making me feel like I should stay away from him despite the small sense of safety I felt around him. Perhaps it was because of my oncoming heat. After all, why should I be so wary around the person that had saved me?

The meals soon arrived, the waiter from earlier huffing and stalking off after placing my plate down. He still seemed a bit pissed from earlier, probably because we weren’t where he asked us to go. I had turned to Hannibal to see him eyeing him as the waiter left, his expression calculative before starting to eat his meal. Frowning in slight confusion, I soon started to dig in, almost groaning at the flavour as I managed to eat at a slow pace, not wanting to appear rude by guzzling my meal. We ate in silence except for the occasional chatter about how our day had been so far. I avoided the mention of Campbell though, not wanting to sour the relaxed atmosphere between us.

Once we had finished at nearly the same time, I sat back in my chair with a happy sigh as a waitress appeared to take the empty plates away. Raising the glass of whiskey to my lips, I downed the rest of the cool liquid before looking around curiously as Hannibal took small sips of his wine, also looking around before he had turned back to me with a smile. “That was quite enjoyable, thank you Will for accepting my offer and joining me.”

Dipping my head in a small nod of acknowledgement at his words, I smiled slightly in return before placing the empty glass on the table, arms soon moving to rest on my lap as I fiddled with the sleeves of my shirt slightly. “T-thank you for letting me come along, it was great…”

The blonde gave a small nod as he soon finished his wine and placed the glass down, his smile softening slightly as he watched me with a slight curious tilt of his head. “And I do very much hope that you also accept my offer for dinner tonight. Of course, I understand if you don’t wish to or are unable to…”

Scratching my jaw, I paused for a couple of minutes in thought, biting my lip before looking to him with a small nod. “So far, I believe I’ll be available to come along. If nothing comes up...than I’d love to come over..”

Hannibal smiled happily before staying silent, his gaze flickering to the waiter as he returned to grab our glasses, his brows pulling together in a brief moment of thought before he had looked back to me. “Ah, I understand. I’ve heard from a friend that you work for the FBI. A very busy job with unreliable schedules. And tattlecrimes has mentioned your unique...ability..”

Biting my lip, I paused at his words as I watched him with a small frown before soon sitting up and glancing around as I folded the napkin and placed it on the table. “Yes, I do. I hope your invitations weren’t given just because you want to know more about my ‘ability’..” Sighing softly, I scrubbed a hand along my jaw before glancing back to him, pausing as I waited for his reply. I hadn’t been expecting him to already know about me, and I already felt bad about my reaction despite the uneasiness of the thought that he had looked at a website which had many articles about me. But despite that, I still didn’t want this possibility of a friendship, however unsocial I usually am, to be due to his interest in my disorder.

The other male was quick to shake his head, his expression apologetic as he raised his hands with a reassuring smile. “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to insult you in any way if I have. And I assure you, these invitations weren’t given because of that, I have only know about this after I left this morning. No, my invitations were provided in the hopes of a friendship, of course if you’re alright with that?”

Looking to him in mild confusion and surprise, I eventually gave a small nod before ducking my head apologetically. “Sorry, I, uh, overreacted...A-and sure, I’d be fine with a friendship..”

Hannibal smiled as well, nodding before he had rose to his feet after checking his watch, grabbing his wallet from his pocket. “I’m glad if you’ll be available to come. Unfortunately, I have an appointment with someone this afternoon so I have to go now..”

Getting to my feet as well, I nodded as I moved to my feet as well and followed him to the counter, grabbing my wallet but Hannibal had soon shook his head with a gentle smile. “I’ll pay Will.”

Moving to protest, I bit my lip before letting out a small sigh as he quickly paid and then turned towards the door. “Fine, but I’ll help with the dishes tonight in return..” Quickly following after him, I slipped my wallet back into my pocket before glancing around as we stepped outside. Turning to Hannibal as his shoulder bumped lightly against mine, I tilted my head curiously before following him to a sleek silver car. “May I give you a lift?”

Smiling at him in thanks as I gave a small nod, whistling slightly as I admired the car before moving into the passenger side once he had unlocked the car. “Nice car..” Hannibal nodded with a smile as he moved to hop behind the wheel, thanking me before he had started the engine. Looking through my messages as he pulled out from the car park, I noticed a couple of missed calls from Agent Campbell and than a series of messages asking where I was and that we were due to return to the headquarters, now in five minutes. Rubbing my face with a low groan, I glanced around before pausing as I noticed Hannibal looking over to me with a small frown of worry as we stopped at a red light. “Sorry, Campbell’s been trying to contact me for a while apparently. I forgot that I had to return to the FBI headquarters in about five minutes. Shall I give you the address?”

He shook his head, turning right as the lights changed before frowning more. “I know where it is...I presume Campbell’s...the guy from last night?” Ducking my head, I huffed out a small breath as my head rested back against the seat, turning my head to the side to watch him curiously as he nodded. “Sorry..”

“It’s alright,” Looking away, I swallowed as I bit my lip before pausing once I realised we had reached the headquarters as the car stopped. Campbell was waiting outside, leaning near the door with his arms crossed over his chest and an annoyed frown on his face. Sighing softly, I glanced away as Campbell glanced over to the car, turning to look to Hannibal as I smiled slightly before moving to step out. “Thanks…”

Feeling a hand on my wrist, I paused halfway out of the car and looked back to Hannibal with a curious tilt of my head, watching as he shot a narrowed glance towards the impatient Campbell and than back to me with a gentle smile. “Be careful..”

As I nodded, he smiled again before letting me go as his fingers caressed lightly over my wrist once again. Holding my gaze for a couple of seconds, he waited for me to hop out and close the door before soon driving off with a wave of farewell.

Entrée

The afternoon had gone as quickly as the morning once we had all started to join in with the investigation and ideas for possible links to the current list of suspects, which were few. Appearances had been ruled our, and gender didn't seem to be a preference either to the killer. Rogers had eventually asked about our cases back in Virginia and we had in turn asked about theirs, soon being able to cancel out one thing; the Australian deaths hadn't been done by another killer copying the Lycan Ripper. There had been a pause in the deaths in Virginia and it had been during that pause that the deaths in Sydney had occured, making it clear that the killer had travelled, perhaps for a change in scenery or to continue somewhere else where he was under less stress of getting caught.

Campbell and I hadn't had many chances to continue our separate investigation into the Copycat Killer, but so far the killer had been staying under the radar. For now. Hopefully, the person hadn't left at all and was still in Virginia where we'd have more chances to catch him, though I doubted we would have had a dead lead to here.

After a small break for coffee, we had focused on the travel aspect with Rogers assigning Campbell and a couple of agents to sort through airport records to search for people who had travelled to Baltimore or anywhere else in Virginia to Sydney in the time period from the last death in Baltimore to the first murder in Sydney. And than from the last murder in Sydney to the return of the deaths in Virginia.

Luckily, Campbell had been kept pretty busy throughout the day although he had started to seem like he was backing off, thankfully. Perhaps he finally got the idea that I wasn't interested, but I still kept my distance from him just to be on the safe side.

By the time Rogers had acknowledged the time and called it a night, the sun had already started to set and I was quick to rush outside and grab cab. Hoping not to be late, I paid the driver extra once we reached the hotel and asked for him to stay outside and wait for ten minutes. He had grumbled but soon accepted once I paid a bit more before I had gone inside and straight to my room. Setting an alert on my phone for ten minutes, I grabbed a quick shower, getting changed into something nice but comfortable for the night.

Another check of the hotel room and my suppressants were still missing. Sighing, I ran a hand through my hair before making my way to the door after refilling Winston's food and water bowls, saying a farewell to him before I had left. I hadn't gone far though when I bumped into someone, quickly apologising and moving around them before a hand had grabbed my arm to stop me from getting far. Frowning, I had raised my head to look to the person before my eyes widened and I took a step back from Campbell. He followed until my back collided with the wall and the Alpha soon pressed up against me as I clenched my jaw. "Leave me alone, Campbell."

He shrugged in response, not really paying much attention to my words as his hands braced against the wall on either side of my shoulders and leaning forward until his nose pressed against my neck. Shifting my weight on my feet, I was quick to shove him away before

moving for the door, only for Campbell to grab my arm again. “You’re dressed up a bit more than usual. Where are you going?”

Turning to him, I watched him with a small glare before trying to tug my arm free. “None of your business, agent..” Cursing as I heard the alarm on my phone go off, I shoved Campbell again but he still refused to release his hold on my arm. “Please Campbell, my ride’s about to leave. If you have something you wanna say, text me or talk with me tomorrow at the headquarters. Goodbye.”

One more tug and I was thinking about punching him to get free but than Campbell let out an annoyed growl and dropped his arm to his side. Quickly turning, I rushed outside and waved the taxi down just as he had started to pull out onto the road. Getting inside, I gave him the address before sitting back with a relieved sigh. “Sorry for holding you up, but thanks for waiting as long as you did..”

The driver gave a small nod, looking over to me briefly before turning his attention back to the road, staying silent. The drive was done in this manner, which I didn’t really mind as I watched the houses pass by. By the time we had reached the address, the light drizzle had strengthened and the driver parked beside the driveway. I paid him before getting out, closing the door behind me and tugging my jacket around me as I shivered, the rain truly starting to pour down now. Jogging up the small incline of the drive to the door, I knocked on it before shaking water droplets from my hair.

Still shivering in the cold, I picked up the sound of footsteps on the other side of the door after a while before it opened, Hannibal smiling at me before he noticed how drenched I was. “Come in Will, I should have been quicker sorry. Let’s get your jacket off and you can go into the living room to warm up. I’ll go grab you a blanket..”

Giving a shaky nod, I moved to tug my jacket off, teeth chattering slightly as I moved inside and Hannibal moved to help take the jacket off before hanging it on one of the hooks by the door. Thanking him after he lead me to the living room, I stood by the fireplace, not wanting to get any of the seats wet. Hannibal had soon returned and I watched as he draped a towel over one of the seats before moving it closer to the fire. “Here you go Will.”

Smiling in thanks, I moved to sit down before he soon wrapped a blanket around me, one hand resting briefly on my shoulder before he had excused himself to finish the cooking. Gradually, the small shiverings reduced as I relaxed in the warmth of the fire, eyes half closed. I hadn’t been paying much attention to my surroundings so when I felt a pair of hands fall onto my shoulder lightly, I near bolted to my feet. Looking up as I barely managed to not leave the chair, I blushed as my gaze met Hannibal’s with an awkward chuckle as I unwrapped the blanket from around my shoulders and stood up. “Uh, sorry about that. You caught me by surprise..”

Hannibal gave a small nod as he watched me with a small smile before taking the blanket from me and folding it up neatly. “That’s quite alright, I should have made my presence known before I did that.”

As he folded the towel up as well, I shrugged and scratched at the back of my neck as I smiled reassuringly at him before following after him. “It’s okay,” He stopped in the laundry

to put them down before smiling back at me as he led the way to another; the dining room. Looking around curiously, I soon took a seat at the table after he pulled out a chair for me. “You have a really nice place, Hannibal..”

He smiled at my words, leaving briefly before he had returned with two glasses and a bottle of wine, setting them down on the table beside the already set out plates and cutlery. “Thank you. I come down here on trips and vacations on many occasions, so I eventually bought a permanent home to avoid constantly having to make bookings for the long stays.”

Nodding, I watched as he poured us each a glass, placing the bottle in a small bucket of ice before moving back to the kitchen once again. Hannibal soon returned carrying a large plate, covered by a lid, and set it down on the center of the table. He gently lifted the lid and smiled softly. “Tonight we have freshly cut deer, sliced into thin pieces, coupled with a lovely pasta that was made from scratch and topped with a red sauce infused with red wine.”

Looking to him curiously as he finished, I smiled before giving a small nod as he moved to take his seat and unfold his napkin, placing it over his lap. I soon imitated his movement before humming as I raised the glass of wine to my lips and took a sip before speaking. “Looks and smells amazing Hannibal. Thank you.”

He too had taken a sip from his own glass after pausing to savour the smell, chuckling as he placed the glass down and picked up his cutlery, smiling over at me gently. “You shouldn’t thank me until you taste it. Bon appétit.” He seemed to wait for me to start eating, so I did after a small pause. At the burst of flavour that hit my tongue, I let out a small groan, eyes closing as I slowly chewed my mouthful before swallowing, soon opening my eyes to look over to Hannibal.

He was watching me, having taken a couple bites from his own food before smiling happily as he studied my reaction. I had taken another bite, humming happily after I swallowed, smile wide as I looked over to him once again. “This is marvelous.”

Hannibal’s smile softened, nodding in thanks as he finished his mouthful of food before he had met my gaze, his expression seemingly happier when I didn’t look away. “I’m glad you enjoy it Will. It is an old recipe that I haven’t used for a while, and I thought it might be something you’d like..” Nodding, I smiled gently at him, my cheeks gradually reddening as our gazes held before Hannibal soon broke the eye contact to resume eating. Biting my lip, I soon continued to eat as well, still blushing.

Sorbet

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

We had shared the rest of our meal in silence, Hannibal soon rising to his feet and collecting the plates once we had finished and disappearing into the kitchen. Folding my napkin, I placed it on the table before finishing the rest of my wine and moving to my feet. Noticing Hannibal's glass wasn't empty, I only took my own into the kitchen where Hannibal was washing the dishes, apparently having already done the dinner dishes earlier. He looked over to me with a smile before taking the glass from me and moving to wash it as well, humming.

Looking around, I soon found the tea towel and proceeded to dry the plates. Hannibal had soon turned back to me with a small frown before moving to try and take the towel from me. Shaking my head, I stepped back to evade his hands as I placed the plate down and reached for the next one. "I told you at lunch that I would be helping with the dishes since you insisted on paying.."

The Alpha seemed to hesitate but soon gave a small nod when he made another attempt to get the towel and failed. I was soon finished and placed the dishes on the bench, letting Hannibal put them away as I folded the tea towel and put it down. He soon finished, looking over to me with a smile before leading the way back to the dining room to grab his glass. "Would you like some more wine? Or perhaps something else?"

Stretching, I scratched at my arm slightly as he moved to top up his glass before carrying the glass and bottle to the lounge room. Quickly following after him as I rubbed at my forehead, watching as he gestured for me to sit, which I did as I rested back into the chair by the fire. "Uh, perhaps some whiskey if you have it please?"

Hannibal gave me a small nod, smiling as he placed his drink on the table and than left briefly, soon returning with a glass and a bottle of whiskey. Pouring me a glass, he soon placed the bottle down on the table before passing the glass to me. Thanking him, I took a couple sips from it, feeling it burn a familiar trail down my throat as I watched Hannibal pick up his own glass, taking a sip from it once he had taken a seat. We watched the fire for a couple of minutes, both of us soon refilling the glasses with our respective drinks before Hannibal had broke the silence. "I don't think it will be wise for you to drive back home, not while it's still raining hard. I can set up one of the spare bedrooms for you."

Pausing after I had refilled my glass a third time, I looked over to him in surprise as I bit my lip. "Are you sure?" Watching him curiously as he nodded, I waited to see if he would speak but he said nothing. Raising my glass, I took a sip from it before giving a small nod after a while in thought, swallowing. "T-thanks. But I'm fine with sleeping on the couch, I don't want to be a bother and make you set a room up for one night.."

Hannibal smiled gently at me as he shook his head, raising a hand to push a stray strand of his hair back into place. "I assure you, you aren't a bother. And I will not have a guest sleep on the couch, especially when I have spare bedrooms that can be used. There is no

complaints at all from me for you to use one of them." As I opened my mouth to continue my protest, he shook his head and moved to refill his glass as he quickly cut me off. "Will, I am fine with you using one of the rooms. Please, no arguments. I can already see that you're going to be a handful."

Eventually, I nodded my acknowledgement as I sighed, curious of his words before choosing not to press that conversation as I downed the rest of my drink and reached to refill it for one last drink. I could already feel it taking effect and blurring my thoughts, but at least my speech isn't affected. For now. We spent possibly another thirty minutes there watching the fire in a comfortable silence, though I isn't quite sure of the time. Hannibal finished his wine before taking our glasses and the bottles to the kitchen and I soon head him move to another room, presumably to set the spare room up. But I was still not wanting to bother him with having to clean another set of sheets, and I was quite comfortable in the chair with the heat of the fire slowly lulling me to sleep.

Barely stirring as I heard footsteps approaching and announcing Hannibal's return, I yawned softly with my head resting back on the chair. My eyes were half closed, barely able to keep them open as I mumbled sleepily. "I'm fine with sleeping here...I'm too comfortable.."

"Nonsense," I could hear Hannibal let out a small huff of disagreement, but I didn't give him much notice. Soon though, a yelp escaped me as I felt arms wrap around me and lift me up from the chair and against a hard chest. Squirming slightly in brief protest, I soon settled in his arms with my head resting against his shoulder as he turned and moved down the hallway, carrying me into a bedroom not long after. By the time he had placed me on the bed, I was already fast asleep after a murmured 'Good night'.

I didn't stir as Hannibal leaned closer to press his lips lightly to my neck. "Good night, Will.."

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Jerking up with a small gasp, I looked around frantically before finally taking note of my surroundings, remembering the previous evening. Swallowing, I paused for a couple of minutes with my head lowered, letting my breathing even out before I slowly loosened my grip on the sheets. As I realised that I had been sweating a lot after a hand through my hair came away damp, I cursed under my breath before pushing the covers back, once again finding myself stripped to my boxers.

Moving to my feet, I shuffled around to the wall before finally finding the light and flicking it on. Blinking against the light, I started checking the wardrobes and cupboards for a towel or blanket, finding one just as I heard a thud. Dropping the blanket in my surprise, I moved cautiously to the door, listening for anymore noises before opening it. All I could see at first was darkness, the light from my room soon exposing the empty hallway. I was biting at my lip as I looked around but, seeing no lights on and hearing nothing more, I soon closed the door to avoid disturbing Hannibal in case his room was nearby.

Leaning back against the door, a small sigh escaped me as I looked around, soon returning to the bed and placing the blanket over the spot I'd been sleeping. After turning the light off, I slipped back under the covers and settled down on top of the blanket, not wanting to get anymore of the sheets dampened if my nightmare were to continue. It took me nearly an hour to fall asleep, hearing only two more thuds during that time but thought them to be only lingering hallucinations from the nightmare.

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By the time I woke the next day, it was nearly eleven in the morning though I didn't know that until I had gotten up and checked my phone after getting dressed. Surprised by the time, I had tried to make a half decent attempt at neatly remaking the bed before heading out of the room to look for Hannibal. I heard the sound of footsteps in the kitchen and soon found him cooking as I paused in the doorway. Yawning softly, I looked to him curiously before smiling as he noticed my presence, turning around to look to me. "Good morning Will,"

He was dressed in a fine robe, making me feel less awkward for sleeping in when it seemed he might have as well. Rubbing my arm, I looked to him with a small hum, my smile softening as Hannibal offered a cup of coffee to me, which I happily accepted and took a couple of sips from. "Morning...Thanks.."

Hannibal moved to resume cooking, soon plating the meal and taking the bowls to the dining room. After grabbing his cup of coffee for him, I followed after him and placed his cup down beside his plate. He watched me with a happy smile as he waited for me to sit first before he did. We ate together in silence for a while before Hannibal had paused to take a sip of his coffee, looking over to me as he hummed softly. "I hope you slept well,"

Choosing not mention the nightmare or the noises I had heard, still insistent that they had been part of the nightmare, I nodded as I took another bite of the meal, swallowing before I replied. "Yes, I slept alright. Thank you for setting the room up for me. How did you sleep?"

He nodded as I resumed eating, meeting my gaze with a gentle smile as he spoke softly. "As I said last night, it's fine. You are quite welcome to stay over whenever you'd like Will, my door will always be open for you. And I slept well, despite an early wake up.."

Giving a small nod in reply, I tilted my head at his mention of being up early before smiling happily at him, spending the rest of the meal in silence. I quickly moved to my feet and grabbed the plates before Hannibal could, moving to the kitchen and starting to wash them as I hummed softly. Working quickly and prepared to stop any arguments from Hannibal, I was quite surprised when I felt his presence close behind me as his head leaned forward, not quite touching my shoulder but close enough that I could feel his breath hot against my ear. Shivering slightly at the closeness, I tried to concentrate on what I was doing, feeling a blush creeping up my neck and making itself evident on my cheeks. He didn't move for a while before I glanced to him after placing the last dish on the sink, seeing him smiling at me as he leaned even closer, about to speak before the ringing of my phone interrupted us.

Shaking water off my hands with a small bite of my lip as Hannibal moved away, I took the tea towel he held out to me before drying my hands, placing it down and then moving to my room to grab my phone. “Hello?”

Wandering back out into the hallway, I glanced into the kitchen to see Hannibal retrieving the tea towel and starting to dry the dishes. My focus was distracted as I heard chatter on the other end of the line before Rogers spoke. “Special Agent Graham. Sorry for interrupting your morning but we need you to come to the headquarters. We’re waiting for you here...We’ve found another victim.”

Letting out a small sigh with a bite my lip, I gave a small nod as I scratched my jaw. “Uh yeah, of course. I’ll be there as soon as I can.”

Rogers gave a quick acknowledgement before hanging up as I put the phone down on the hallway table to grab on the way out. Turning around, I moved back into the kitchen, finding Hannibal had finished and was neatly folding the tea towel up, soon pausing as he noticed my return. He was smiling but soon paused with a frown as he saw my expression, straightening up as he tilted his head slightly. “Is everything alright Will?”

Shrugging, I watched him before rubbing my arm and turning to head to the door, hearing him follow after me. “I just got called back to headquarters. Something’s come up so...I have to go...sorry,”

Feeling him grab my arm once I reached the door, I obediently stopped with a small frown and turned back to him. He gave a small shake of his head, smiling reassuringly at me before retrieving my jacket from where it hung on the hook. “No need to apologise, that’s perfectly understandable. Perhaps I can see you again for dinner tonight?”

“Thanks…” Smiling in gratitude, I tugged the jacket on, having had forgotten about it until he had grabbed it. Soon pausing at the question, I bit at my lip, about to say yes before remembering that tonight was the full moon. Even though I found myself wanting to accept despite that, I knew that I wouldn’t be able to hold the wolf back and would have had to leave early or even abruptly if I were to accept. “Sorry, I’ve got...a meeting with someone tonight. Perhaps tomorrow night if that’s alright with you?”

Hannibal paused, his expression curious yet almost seeming to know that a meeting isn't the reason, but he didn’t make any objections, smiling gently at me as he nodded. “Of course. I won’t having anything planned so that will be just fine. I’ll see you than Will,” Moving to the door once I had finished adjusting the jacket, he let me pass him before he made a small noise in the back of his throat to grab my attention once I was outside.

Pausing at the noise, I turned to look to him curiously with a small tilt of my head. He was still smiling, watching me with a gentle expression before he spoke. “I hope you have a good day.”

Watching me as he hesitated briefly, I was surprised when, instead of the usual caress of my wrist as he had done the last couple of times, his hand raised to trace fingers lightly over my cheek. Another blush appeared and I bit my lip, his smile softening before he had lowered his hand to his side, saying one more farewell and than closing the door.

Chapter End Notes

I assure you Campbell will get his punishment ;) Hopefully within 4 chapters time

Fromage

After calling a taxi, I was quick to make my way back to headquarters once I got the driver to take the back streets to avoid the late morning traffic. I paid the driver as we arrived before hopping out as soon as the car had stopped, soon spotting Rogers and Campbell waiting outside of the headquarters for me. Quickly making my way over to them, I ignored Campbell and smiled slightly in greeting to Rogers. “Sorry I took a while, I was staying the night somewhere on the outskirts of the city…”

Ignoring Campbell’s curious gaze, I watched as Rogers gave a small incline of his head in acknowledgement of my words, staying silent as he soon turned and led the way to his car. Not wanting to sit in the back in case Campbell chose to sit with me, I quickly made my way to the front passenger side and hopped in. once we were all buckled in, Rogers waited for traffic to pass before pulling out of the car park and onto the road. “We got a call about fortyish minutes ago. The victim was late for work and after calls to his mobile went straight to message box, they thought he might have been sick or otherwise unable to reply. One of the chefs went to put some garbage and out and then found his body sitting beside it..We told them to close up, no one to leave and to leave the crime scene alone.”

Nodding at his words, I looked out the window as we drove before pausing in surprise as the car pulled up in front of the restaurant I had been at the day before. Opening the door, I got out before leaning back against the car door after closing it, the others moving past me to where a small group of staff members stood waiting at the entrance of the neighbouring alley. Shaking my head, I straightened up and quickly followed after them, ignoring a curious look from Rogers as I stopped beside them, glad when he chose not to say anything and instead turned back to the staff after a small pause, flashing his badge to them. “Hi. I’m Senior Detective Rogers, this is Agent Campbell and Special Agent Graham. How are you doing?”

The chef in the group gave a small nod, shifting his weight on his feet nervously as he looked to the three of us before his gaze focused back on Rogers. “Okay, I guess...considering what’s happened...uh, we’ve left the...body untouched and, since the neighbours usually use the same dumpsters, we were just making sure they didn’t come down here..and all the staff are still inside..”

Rogers gave a small nod as he tucked his badge back into his pocket and pulled a notebook out, passing it to Campbell. “Can you please accompany Campbell inside and he can take some statements. Graham and I will have a look at the crime scene alone. Thank you..”

They nodded, waiting for Campbell to head for the restaurant before they fell into step behind him. Turning to me, Rogers raised a small brow before gesturing for me to go first into the alley. Nodding in acknowledgement, I moved towards the dumpsters, biting my lip as I glanced briefly over my shoulder to Rogers. “I’ll need as much privacy as possible…”

Rubbing his jaw, he seemed to hesitate before eventually giving a small nod. “Of course, I’ve got to call in the crime scene crew anyway…” We moved past the first dumpster before seeing a foot peeking out from behind the second. Moving towards the body, I came to an

abrupt halt with a sudden grunt, Rogers bumping into my shoulder before quickly taking a step back with an apologetic expression. “Sorry...Everything okay?”

Biting my lip as I studied the victim, I gave a shaky nod in response, rubbing my hands against his jeans. “Y-yeah...I just...I was here yesterday for lunch, and...he was one of our waiters…”

Rogers frowned, glancing between the body and me with a small pause before he queried in a soft voice. “Yeah? Did...you notice anyone acting suspiciously around him? Or did he have a conflict with anyone?”

Tilting my head in thought, I shook my head after a while, one hand raising to brush through my hair. “No..but considering how rude he was to me for being near my heat, I wouldn’t be surprised if he had a couple of enemies if he treated others the same way..”

“I guess we’ll have to ask the staff about any disgruntled guests he served then. Just to check..” He looked to me as he spoke before moving back to the mouth of the alley and grabbed his phone from his pocket. “I’ll call in the crime techs while you...do your thing…” Giving a small nod of thanks, I soon turned away before letting my hands relax at my sides, eyes drifting shut as I released a slow breath.

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Feet backtrack until he sits down on the boxes beside the first dumpster. The body is gone, all traces of a crime disappearing in the blink of an eye, leaving the alley as it had been before the dreadful incident.

And now he waits. For how long, he isn’t quite sure. But he knows the restaurant will be closing soon and the staff leaving, his intended victim to appear through this door, he hopes.

Soon, the door opens as the waiter steps out, calling a goodbye over his shoulder as he hauls a garbage bag out. The door shuts, the man grunting softly as he carries the overloaded back to the second dumpster, oblivious to the other’s presence as he opens the lid and attempts to lift the bag into it.

“I wait until the sound of the garbage bag repeatedly hitting the side of the dumpster muffles my approach...But, at the last minute, he notices me and turns towards me. He knows me; not as a friend, no. Recent acquaintance. He’s too surprised to take note of the knife I carry. I move to help him, and soon the bag topples onto the others inside. He only has time for a quick ‘ *Thank you, Mr…* ’ before I raise the knife in a swift jab to his throat.”

The male watches as his victim gurgles out a muffled cry before collapsing to the ground, choking on his own blood. It was a neat cut, with not much spillage other than on the man and himself. But he’s not finished, grabbing the collar of the male and dragging him out onto the currently empty street and into the waiting van.

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Blinking in confusion, I glanced around with a small huff, swallowing as I ran a hand through my hair. Rogers had already hung up and quickly made his way over to my side, brows furrowing slightly but I spoke first before he had a chance to say anything. “The killer took the body somewhere before he brought it back, a couple organs missing and placed the silver coins over his eyes. But, the waiter knew his attacker and recognised him..”

Rogers gave a small nod, looking to the dead male before a sigh escaped him. “So, he’s starting to go after people he knows? Or has grudges against?”

“I’m not sure...I think they were only acquaintances, not friends or that well known to each other,” Giving a small shrug, I raised a hand to cut off Rogers reply before biting my lip as I frowned slightly. “Something seems...different about this as well. I don’t know what and I’m not entirely sure, but I feel like this is different somehow from the others..”

Rogers watched me and was about to speak before he had soon fallen silent as we heard the chatter from Campbell and the crew as he led them over to us. Slipping my hands into my pockets, I watched him cautiously for a couple of seconds before relaxing as Rogers moved to stand between us, chatting with the crime techs before he set them to work. Looking to the both of us, he soon headed out of the alley and over to the car, Campbell and I following after him and hopping into the vehicle silently.

Trou Normand

“So another personal kill?” Campbell was frowning as Rogers had gotten me to tell Campbell what I had learnt from the crime scene.

Scrubbing a hand over my face, I let out a small sigh as I shook my head, trying to keep the annoyance and exhaustion from my voice. “As I said, it’s not quite clear. They would have been at least friends for the motive to have been personal. Whoever this person is, his victim had only met him once, twice at the most..”

Campbell gave a small nod, though not seeming to be paying his full attention to me as he rubbed his jaw in thought. “But you said there was an implied emotion in the attack, a motive? That would mean it was personal.”

Snorting, I moved away to where Rogers was notting down notes from the witness statements Campbell had gotten and placing them in a small grouping under our new victim’s photo. Looking over to me as I paused beside him, he gave me an apologetic expression before he placed the last note on the board, hands resting on his hips as he took a step back to look at the board. “So, the majority of the staff have supported alibis, but a couple seem like they could be hiding something, unless that was just nerves..”

Campbell soon joined us, nodding as he grabbed a marker before moving to write a note and placed it above the photo; ‘Possible personal motives. Killer starting to go after enemies?’

Huffing as I read the note, I shook my head and shot a glare at Campbell’s back before pacing off. Of course they’d go with what seemed so obvious despite the hints I’d told them that suggested something could be different here. Rogers was chatting with Campbell but soon turned to me as he noticed my agitation with a small frown of worry. “Let’s pack this up early for today, we’re all running high with the full moon. I’ll see you guys tonight, northern edge of the city.”

Giving a small nod of acknowledgement, I was quick to leave the room, heading outside as I waved down a taxi and hopped in, glad when we were quick to leave as I rested my head against the window. After paying the taxi driver as we arrived, I got out and headed inside, one hand running through my hair as I moved down the hall, pausing in front of my door. Searching my pockets for the keys, I soon found them just as I felt a hot breath against my neck. Turning around in surprise, my shoulders slumped as I found Campbell in front of me, taking a step back and crossing my arms over my chest. “Can’t you just leave me alone Campbell?”

Campbell moved forward when I stepped back, crowding me back against the door as he shook his head slightly, letting out a small growl. “You wouldn’t let me talk to you last night, but now I will, since you’re not running off to some stranger you haven’t even known for a couple or so days..”

Shoving his hand away when he tried to touch my cheek, I bared my teeth with a small growl of my own, smirking at Campbell’s surprise. “At least he treats me better than you ever have.

And yes, we do need to talk. Where are my suppressants? I know you took them."

He paused at my reaction, still seemingly caught off guard before he tilted his head at my words, his expression becoming more curious as he glanced to the door behind me and then back to me."I haven't touched them, don't even know where you kept them...But if you're going to go into heat sooner, you should move back in…"

Shaking my head, I quickly regretted mentioning the missing suppressants at the keen glint of interest in his eyes, especially now that Campbell knew where I was staying. "Bullshit. You took them, and I want them back. And no, I'm not letting you anywhere near me, especially during that time.."

Campbell watched me as his eyes narrowed but he gave a casual shrug, hand moving to grip my shoulder. "Think of it Will. You move back in, at least for your heat, and I can help yo--"

Suddenly, Campbell had been pulled away, his grip on my shoulder causing me to stumble forward before he finally released me. Looking up, I soon found Hannibal pinning Campbell to the wall on the other side of the hall, teeth bared as he growled out. "Don't you dare touch Will, especially in his heat. You will have no hold over him and if you ignore my warning, so help me…"

Frowning in confusion and surprise at the rage clearly evident in Hannibal's voice, I moved closer and placed a hand lightly on his back. He seemed to hesitate at my touch, still glaring at Campbell but was quick to relax, stepping back as he pulled Campbell with him before shoving him down the hall. Campbell growled, gaze flickering between us before storming off, muttering over his shoulder. "See you tonight, Will,"

Fighting back a small shiver, I looked back to Hannibal curiously, biting my lip as he turned to me before raising a hand to cup my cheek. "You shouldn't stay here now, especially since he now knows where your room is. Come back to my house, you can go through your heat alone without any troubles…"

At the unexpected touch, I stayed silent for a while, blinking before I started after a moment of pause, giving a small shrug as I watched him. One hand soon raised to rest lightly on top of his as I held his gaze with a gentle smile. "I don't want to burden you…" As he opened his mouth to protest, I gave his hand a light squeeze until he fell silent. "...but..I'll think about it.."

Hannibal seemed to hesitate before giving a small nod, his thumb tracing over my cheekbone as his smile softened. "Okay…" After a couple of minutes spent in silence, he soon pulled something out of his pocket and I glanced down to find my phone in his hand. "You left it at my house this morning, and I didn't think you'd be back this morning so I waited.."

"T-thanks.." Smiling gratefully, I moved to grab my phone and slipped it into my pocket. "And thanks for being here in time, that was pretty...lucky,"

Hannibal smiled as he gave a small nod in reply, his hand still resting on my cheek as our gazes held. "That's quite alright. And I'm glad I came when I did...You need to stay away from him, or at least never be alone with him. Please."

Nodding after another small pause, I smiled more before biting my lip with a hesitant sigh, not really wanting to ruin the peaceful moment, though he wanted to eat before the run. Eventually, I ducked my head with another sigh before looking back up at him. “I have to go…”

He frowned slightly at the words, seeming also hesitant to move away before giving a small nod in acknowledgement, lowering his hand after another caress of my cheek. “Of course, I understand. I guess I’ll see you tomorrow then Will...Please take care.”

Rolling my shoulders in a small stretch, I looked to him with a soft smile, nodding as I opened my mouth to reply. But I was soon startled into silence as Hannibal suddenly moved closer, hands cupping my face and pressing his lips to mine in a tender kiss. By the time I had processed what was happening and moved to return the kiss with a happy purr, Hannibal quickly pulled away and, after saying one more soft farewell, turned and left, leaving me standing near breathless in the hallway.

Buffet Froid

Paws thudded on the ground, air misting with the warm breathes of the wolves as we ran amongst the trees, the once quiet woods on the outskirts of the city now shattered by the howls of the pack. As I often did when running with Jack's pack, I stuck to the sides or two metres from the back of Rogers' pack. This time though for an extra reason; to avoid Campbell. And I nearly managed to succeed during the whole night.

So far, only two Alphas tried to run close to me, one bold enough to run right behind me until I turned and nipped at his muzzles, hackles raised. Luckily, he backed away before my Omega instincts could take over to submit to the Alpha, instincts made all the more stronger with the absence of suppressants and my approaching heat. The second Alpha had been more persistent, staying close and brushing against my side on many occasions. A warning growl had gotten me nowhere and I was considering pushing my discomfort aside and flee into the pack to avoid him when Rogers appeared and chased him away, ears flicking in my direction as he turned to look to me with a small pause before moving back to the front of the pack.

When midnight had finally arrived and passed, I was exhausted, small pants escaping me as the pack finally came to a halt. All I wanted to do was get back, have a warm bath and then hole myself up for my heat, even though I had yet to inform Rogers of my oncoming absence. Rogers passed a signal to the pack with movements of his tail and, seeing them go their separate ways around the city, I followed their lead, going down an empty street to avoid anymore unwanted company. It had been quiet at first, my ears relaxed besides the occasional chirps as a couple of birds flew past me to the park ahead to settle down for the night, making me envious as I had at least another ten minutes until I could reach the alleyway near the hotel where I had ditched my clothes for the shift.

Pausing at the corner of the block, I glanced again to the park and then around for any signs of people around before starting to move onto the road. I soon paused again as I picked up on something familiar, but I wasn't given much of a chance to figure out who it was as I heard a small bark behind me and then the nuzzling of a muzzle at my side. Jerking around with a small growl, my ears flattened against my head as I found Campbell behind me, lips pulling back to expose my teeth in a grimace.

Backing away from him to keep distance between us, I didn't notice the car until the driver beeped the horn, causing me to leap off the road just in time to be dealt a only a bruising blow to my left hind leg, though I ended up tucking the leg to avoid putting pressure on the throbbing limb. Campbell was quick to move towards me during my distraction, head tilted as he once again nuzzled at my side while he licked my hind leg.

Growling, I turned to bite his shoulder in warning, hackles raised once more as I wobbled back a step. He appeared surprised by my action and quickly backed away as I took the chance while I had it to turn and run, whimpering as I tried to use my injured leg before tucking it up again, hobbling into the park. A low growl behind me was my only warning before I toppled over with Campbell's charge, yelping as I felt his teeth digging into my right shoulder. He soon used his grip to keep me pressed to the ground as he clawed his way up my

body, teeth eventually releasing me. Starting to thrash around, I kept myself from exposing my stomach as I managed to bite his ear and then headbutt him.

Feeling his grip loosen, I turned my attention to wriggling out from under him, proving to be a mistake as I soon felt Campbell's teeth sink into the back of my neck, barely missing my windpipe as I heard one canine scrape against my spine, causing me to howl in pain. A muffled growl was Campbell's only response, not releasing his hold as I felt his jaws slowly closing, knowing my spine would be crushed or even broken if he continued. But suddenly, he whined out against my neck, jerking back slightly as I soon heard someone growl. "Release him."

Campbell jerked back again before opening his mouth to free me, scrambling as he seemed to try and get free from whoever had showed up. Turning my head weakly, I whined at the pain the movement caused before falling silent in my surprise as I saw Hannibal gripping Campbell by the neck, appearing to pinch him in a spot that obviously hurt him, making Campbell writhe, blood seeping from a small wound on his neck. Hannibal gave one more growl before lifting him more and throwing him away, soon moving to stand between the two of us. By the way one of Campbell's front paw was hanging as he held it up off the ground, I could see it was dislocated, ears flat against his head as he watched us with a growl of his own before finally turning and limping away.

Hannibal stayed where he was until Campbell disappeared from sight before he turned to me, crouching as he studied my wounds. As I moved to stand only to lose balance and fall down with a whine, he ran a hand soothingly over my side before silently picking me up, careful to avoid the bite wounds. But his arm was in a position to apply constant pressure to my sore hip, causing me to wriggle in his arms with another whine before he adjusted to avoid my leg. Eventually, I started to calm down as he reached his car, gently placing me down and moving to the boot, sorting through it for a couple of seconds before he returned with three towels. Placing one on the back seat, he turned and picked me up before placing me inside the car, soon rolling one up and pressing it to the wound on my neck, gently easing my head back until it was braced against the back of the seat before the third towel was placed over me. By the time he started the engine and drove off, I had finally given in to the exhaustion with a small sigh.

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Eventually, I awoke to the warmth of the fire, wrapped in blankets as I slowly raised my head from the mattress, only to wince at the pain the movement caused in the back of my neck. Looking around as much as I could without inflicting more pain on myself, I was quick to recognise the room, just as I felt a hand soothe over my shoulder. "Don't raise your head.."

Snorting out a soft breath, I obediently lowered my head back onto the blanket beneath me, thoughts racing through my mind as I deliberated over what to do now. Stay in wolf form and don't risk getting caught, or let Hannibal know. After all, he was the only person besides Rogers who had been kind to me so far, and he deserved to know, especially with the trouble

he had put himself through with interrupting the fight and getting me to his place. But what if he rejected me for it?

My indecision was soon resolved as Hannibal spoke softly, scratching behind my ear to soothe me as I shifted on the mattress. “It’s alright Will, you don’t have to hide. It will be more easier for me to look after your wounds if you were human...I’ll give you some privacy.”

Hearing his retreating footsteps, I shifted on the ground before closing my eyes, sighing as I focused on the Change. A low groan escaped me as my bones cracked, reshaping themselves to their human position as I lay limp on the ground, a whine escaping me at the pressure of my hip, but I knew for sure now that it isn't broken. As usual, I was panting by the time I finished, holding the blankets tight around my naked form despite the sweat dampening my skin. Swallowing, I raised my head after a couple of minutes, throat still raw from earlier as I managed to croak Hannibal’s name. Eyes half closed as I heard him returning, I paused as I felt a hand gently cup the back of my neck, Hannibal urging me to raise my head whilst he supported my neck as he raised a cup of tea to my lips. Quickly leaning up to sip from it, I soon took note of the added honey, soothing both my throat and stomach as I relaxed once finished, sighing softly.hannibal gently lowered my head back to the mattress before proceeding to clean and then treat the small wound on the back of my neck, pressing a large dressing over it before lowering the blanket to my waist so he could do the same for my shoulder wound, fingers tracing the scar of an old stab wound curiously but he didn’t mention it as he queried instead. “Are you hurt anywhere else?”

Biting at my lip, I looked up to him before giving a small nod, pushing the slight pain from the back of my neck to stay focused. “I got struck by a car...I got out of the way to avoid anything serious..but it’s pretty bruised..”

Giving a small nod in acknowledgement, he looked to me for permission as his hand rested lightly on my hip and, at my nod, gently eased the blanket over my right hip to check before covering me with the blanket and doing the same on the other side, politely doing his best to expose nothing more than my hip bone. Watching his expression as he sucked his lower lip between his teeth, I shifted on the mattress again before stilling, a small yelp escaping me as he applied some pressure to my hip bone after checking my thigh before pulling back, looking to me with an apologetic expression. “Nothing’s broken or dislocated, just some deep bruising which should heal within a week. I’ll get some cold compacts.”

He was quick to return with them, ensuring the towel was wrapped firmly around the two before placing them beside and on my hip, draping the blanket back over my hip as he smiled gently at me. Almost immediately, I could feel the relief the cold compacts provided and relaxed a bit more with a soft sigh as my head rested back on the mattress. As Hannibal moved to sit on one of the nearby chairs, I reached out for his hand and gently tugged him back until he returned and laid down by my side, one arm moving to nudge itself gently under my head as he looked to me with a curious tilt of his head as I spoke. “H-how did you know?...That it was me, not just a dog?”

Hannibal watched me with a soft smile, a hum issuing from his throat as he offered a small shrug in response. “Even in your wolf form, you still smelled a lot like yourself. And for

those who know, someone making poor excuses to be away on the full moon raises a few alarm bells...I have a friend who was bitten almost a year ago..”

Ducking my head with an awkward chuckle, I was about to joke before falling silent at his words, looking to him before shifting with a small wince. Despite Hannibal’s attempts to urge me to lay down, I finally sat up and, before he could try and protest as he too sat up, pulled him into a hug, resting my head lightly against his shoulder. “I’m sorry that happened to them, I hope they had a pack there to help them out…” Swallowing, I bit my lip before nuzzling at his shoulder in what I hoped to be a comforting gesture. “And thank you Hannibal, I don’t want to think of what might have happened if you hadn’t shown up in time..” Failing to hide a shudder at the thought, I buried my face against his chest, hands gripping at his shirt as I let out a low whine but soon started to relax as I felt Hannibal’s hand caressing soothingly over my back.

“It’s alright Will. I’m quite glad myself, and I hope he’ll finally leave you alone…” His voice was soft, even if he sounded that he too didn’t think Campbell would give up anytime soon. Shivering slightly against him, I kept my face pressed to Hannibal’s chest as we sat in silence for a while longer before I slowly nuzzled up to his neck, pausing every now and then when the pain of my neck wound became too much. A small purr was rumbling from Hannibal’s throat, the vibrations felt against my cheek as I nuzzled there, eyes closing as I inhaled the ancient wood scent I found, muscles relaxing until I was all but limp against him, his arm slipping down to wrap tightly around my waist.

Eventually, I pulled myself away from his neck and pressed a kiss to his jaw after the smallest of pauses, soon raising my head to meet his gaze. He was smiling as he looked at me, one hand raising to cup my cheek as he leaned forward until our lips brushed against each other, pulling back with a small pause to seemingly gauge my reaction before he leaned in again to kiss me hungrily.

A soft noise managed to escape me before I pressed closer to him, arms wrapping loosely around his neck as I returned the tender kiss, forgetting the ache from my injuries as I sighed happily against his lips. After a while, his hand slipping around to cup the back of my neck gently, massaging lightly as I melted against him, his other hand lowering to my injured hip and pushing the blanket down in the process before he slowly eased me onto my back. He took a couple of seconds to hesitate before moving to rest lightly over me, keeping as much weight as he could off my injured hip. Pulling him down for another kiss, my hands moved to clutch at his shirt, finally succeeding in undoing the buttons before showing the fabric off his shoulders.

Letting out a small whine of protest as he pulled away, I looked up at him while he worked on undoing his pants, soon catching me watching as he smiled softly, tugging them down before soon leaning in to nuzzle under my jaw. I tilted my head back obediently, purring softly at the nuzzling as my hands soothed over his back, tracing lightly the smooth skin there as he pressed light kisses along my neck, pausing at the spot where a mating bite would be placed before he pulled away again to remove his pants. Biting back another whine, I shifted under the blanket as Hannibal folded his shirt and pants before moving into a crouch, making sure the blanket was wrapped securely around me as he then picked me up.

Slowly straightening up, he leaned forward to press a kiss to my forehead and carried me to his bedroom, nudging the door closed with his foot before moving to place me down on the bed. With his strong scent instantly surrounding me, I lost focus for a couple of seconds, purring as I nuzzled against the sheets and pillows before returning my attention back to him, rolling onto my back as I wriggled from the blanket. A tug on his shoulders and he soon toppled onto the bed beside me, huffing out a breath as he turned onto his side. Looking to him with a chuckle, I tugged again to bring him closer as he, after pulling his boxers off, moved to settle between my legs, pulling a groan from me as our lengths brushed against each other.

The noise was quick to change into a purr as Hannibal leaned forward to nuzzle against my neck and scent me, my hands caressing over his back and all available skin I could reach. Eventually, my hand moved up to cup the back of his neck, head tilting back more instinctively to bare my throat to him but he raised his head for another deep kiss. Soft moans escaped me as we rocked against each other, one of Hannibal's hands resting on my left hip until it slid along my thigh, fingers teasing over my cock before inching lower to trail through the slick already seeping from me, drawing a whine from me as a finger circled lightly over the muscles of my hole before he slowly eased two fingers inside me.

Lips parting under his insistent tongue, another moan slipped out as he gradually eased a third finger inside as his tongue swept into my mouth, hearing him let out a low rumbling purr of reassurance. He groaned as I nipped lightly at the tip of his tongue, making me grin as I grinded my hips up against his hand, wincing at the pain in my left hip. Hannibal soon took notice and paused his movements, withdrawing his fingers with a small frown before pausing again as I shook my head, hands pulling him closer by his hips. "I-I'm fine. Please Hannibal.." As he continued to hesitate, I tugged his hips again with a small whine, trying to urge him forward as I raised my head to press my lips to his for a soft kiss, whining once again. " *Please…"*

A small nod was his only reply before his lips claimed mine in a hungry kiss, hips pressing against mine as he shifted over me before pushing inside with one sharp thrust, hands grasping my hips and thumbs rubbing circles on my skin as he paused once he was buried to the hilt. Eyes closing as I moaned loudly, I gripped his shoulders, insides quivering around his cock as Hannibal managed to keep to small, shallow thrusts at first, head moving to drag his lips in a caress alon my cheek before he buried his face against my neck. His grip on my hips kept me from pushing back and taking him whole again, though that didn't stop me from trying as I whined under him, head tilted to the side as I eventually relaxed and submitted to his control. Eventually, he started to speed up, hands releasing me to press into the sheets by my shoulders, holding himself up as his hips surged forward, the sound of skin slapping skin soon filling the room as he looked down to me with a fond smile, usually neat hair falling over his forehead as he leaned forward to peck my lips. A small angling of his hips made me arch my back with a cry, head tilting back once again under his kisses, nips delivered here and there making me squirm under him.

Soft pants escaped me as neared my release, feeling the tightening coil in my stomach as I grinded up against him, injuries long forgotten as my hands raised to grasp at Hannibal's hair and pull him down into a kiss, lips and teeth crashing together as I soon came untouched between us, spilling onto my stomach. A soft groan escaped him as my inner walls spasmed

around his cock, teeth nipping harshly at my lower lip before he moved to nip again at my neck, the start of his knot tugging against the edges of my entrance with each thrust before he reached his own climax soon after, slamming into me as his knot inflated and locked us together. Moaning at feeling the warmth of his release inside me, my eyes drifted half closed before a startled cry fled my lips as Hannibal tensed under my hands before he swiftly turned his head away from my neck to bite my shoulder, teeth digging in and ripping my skin before he reached the end of his release, releasing my shoulder as he panted softly against my skin. “Sorry..”

Head tilted back with a pleased purr, I gave a small shake of my head, arms wrapping tightly around him as I relaxed back on the bed, Hannibal a welcome weight on me as I sighed happily, sated as I drawled in a pleased tone. “It’s okay....”

Making no complaints as he gently rolled us onto our sides, hands gently easing my leg over his hip as I soon nuzzled into the crook of his neck, smiling against his skin. He was humming, a hand caressing through my hair as his lips pressed to my temple. “Goodnight Will,”

“Mmm...goodnight Hannibal..” A small, happy purr echoed from my throat, eyes closing as I relaxed against him, head nuzzling against his chest before I gradually fell asleep in the comfort of Hannibal’s arms.

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